Wooing poore Craftſmen with the craft of ſmiles,
And pátient vnderbearing of his fortune,
As twere to baniſh their affects with him,
Off goes his Bonnet to an Oyſter-wench,
A brace of Draymen bid God ſpeed him well,
And had the tribute of his ſupple knee,
With thankes my Countrey-men, my louing friends,
As were our England in reuerſion his,
And he our ſubiectes next degree in hope.

Greene. Well, he is gone, and with him go theſe thoughts.
Now for the Rebels which ſtand out in *Ireland*,
Expedient mannage muſt be made (my Liege)
Ere further leyſure yeeld them further meanes
For their aduantage, and your highneſſe loſſe.

King. We will our ſelfe in perſon to this Warre,
And for our Coffers, with too great a Court
And liberall larges, are growne ſomewhat light;
We are inforſt to farme our royall Realme,
The reuenue whereof ſhall furniſh vs:
For our affaires in hand if that come ſhort,
Our ſubſtitutes at home ſhall haue blancke Charters,
Whereto, when they ſhall know what men are rich,
They ſhall ſubſcribe them for large ſummes of Gold,
And ſend them after to ſupply our wants,
For we will make for *Ireland* preſently.

Enter Buſhie with newes.

Buſh. Old Iohn of Gaunt is grieuous ſicke, my Lord,
Sodainely taken, and hath ſent poſt haſt
To intreate your Maieſtie to viſit him.

King. Where lies he?

Buſh. At Ely houſe.

King. Now put it (God) into the Phiſitions minde,
To helpe him to his Graue immediatly:
The lyning of his Coffers ſhall make coates,
To decke our Souldiours for theſe *Iriſh* Warres.
Come Gentlemen, lets all goe viſit him,
Pray God we may make haſte, and come too late:
Amen. *Exeunt.*

Enter

Line 17 growen. 32 God in the.